

Good 512 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



CHORUS OF GOOD CHEER

for A.B. John Burden

IT was our lucky day when we called at your home, 60 Byron Street, Barrow-in-Furness, Able Seaman John Malacy Burden.

Mother, Dad, and all your brothers and sisters were home, and Cousin Tom (Thomas Austin McKenna, you know) had just blown in with a big surprise after being away with the Merchant Navy for 29 months without ever once getting back home.

Well, you can imagine how excited they all were when that burly boxing father of yours gave us an Irish welcome and assured Ma that our visit was a good omen.

Everybody wants to know if you've got a girl yet. Too bad, isn't it?

"He used to say Ma is still my only sweetheart," Dad told us, and you ought to have seen mother smile at that.

Your big sister, Kathleen,

was just going down to the you and cousin Tom, but he dance at the Sacred Heart, and can't help it. He's doing what we got you all weighed-up he's been told to do, and if it when she whispered, "Tell Tom I'll give his love to all him you wouldn't have any submarines, anyway.

Then mother chimed in.

"I'm making him a Christmas cake," she said, "and I hope he enjoys it better than he did the last one."

Too bad of those chaps, wasn't it, to gobble it all up before you got a smell of it? Anyway, they told you it was good, didn't they, and that's some consolation!

By the way, Cousin Norman (McKenna) was with that long-lost mariner we found there. Norman is still working in the shipyard. He's a bit envious of

When the old hands went to war, kids not old enough to fight took the field and played first-class football writes TOM BENTLEY the international referee

Babes of Soccer

WHEN the "babes of soccer" began to take the field in British football—after war came—they never thought that those very youngsters were starting what is to be a new era of youth throughout the game.

For they have come to stay—these brilliant kids who would never have been given a chance in the days of peace. They came when the old hands went to war. When the professionals exchanged footballs for rifles, the juvenile players—not yet old enough to fight—were the only ones to choose from. And kids with genius were found.

They took the field and thrilled the popular side with trickery astounding in lads of such tender years. They were too rosy-cheeked to put on khaki or blue. But they could learn first-class football on the top-class teams. And they did.

The game was kept going by youngsters who were waiting to fight, and until they were called up they filled up the gaps very well in the first-class football teams of England.

So now they're a fixture in the fixtures. Managers, trainers, all the big white chiefs of soccer, have learned that youth can put quite a good leg forward if they're given the chance. And quite a hefty foot, too!

And many of the boys who have been playing for first-rate clubs, and are now in the Forces, are "marked men" for whenever they return from war. They were good, and they will have places in the big teams when they come back.

Now come with me on a tour of football's clubland. We will peep in through the open windows of the first-class soccer

clubs, and while nobody is looking our way, or taking any particular notice, we'll shine the humble spotlight on the youngsters who are causing the football kings to smile and raise their eyebrows.

Here there's a slip of a lad whose chubby cheeks belie his steel-like sinews. And over there—no, not the big man . . . the little thin laddie taking his football boots off—is a seeming schoolboy with a kick like an ox.

Like faces in a misty picture, they would seem only the scattered remnants of a dream. So untrue it seems.

They are so young and immature for the great top-liners of a wartime world. But they have been tried, and now they're trusted, too.

Even the name of one of these lads—Aldecoa—has about it the atmosphere of romance. His name stirs the winds of foreign mystery, but his football is as British as the game.

And his background is romantic, too. For he's a refugee of the Spanish Civil War who is still running with the "Wolves." He's a "Wolverhampton Wanderers" find. He showed fine form in English soccer last season, and he's keeping the ball rolling this season as well.

A country cannot become more cosmopolitan in wartime without a little extra colour creeping also into football. If you move over to Lincoln City, and glance into the training ground, you'll notice yet another foreigner.

His birthplace was Poland, and he's a young man from the Polish Forces. Yes, he has that unmistakable Continental look, and his name is Pawlor.

Lincoln City has been try-

ing him as inside-right—and he scored the winning goal in a match between Lincoln and Notts County four minutes from the end of the game!

Take a train with me across England to the holiday playground of the North, and you'll find two more juvenile discoveries near the seaside sands. A pair of A.T.C. cadets deputised so well for Matthews and Mortensen in the Blackpool side that the club's high-ups said: "Hold those boys."

They are 17-year-old Jack Cross, at outside-right, and 16-year-old Don Eakin, his partner. Near the end of the match Eakin scored from a pass by Cross.

Any Tuesday or Thursday evening you can see young talent practising at the Burnley club's ground. In their "nursery team" they have quite a little handful of useful lads.

Mather, their left full-back, who joined the club when he was 16, came from the "nursery team." And it was all the talk last season that he held Matthews in one game as he had not been held before.

If we continue our travelling check-up of the teams, we'll find that Doncaster Rovers are making a big-scale job of developing young talent. Their team the other Saturday consisted of eight local juniors.

And way up in the top ranks of this brigade of youth is George Hardwick, of Middlesbrough, who has stepped into the shoes of Eddie Hapgood as England's left-back.

George comes from the South Bank "nursery team"—the one which produced George Elliott, Jack Carr, Mannion, Fenton. And the others.

Hardwick signed as a professional at 17, and found himself suddenly in the league side. Now he's 23—and on the up-and-up.

Next on our visiting list is Preston North End, where almost any Saturday you might hear club chairman Jim Taylor telling some interested friend the reason why they did not play in the league during the war period. It was so that they could run three junior teams with promising youngsters.

Yes, they've made a few "finds," too. One lad—Tommy Finney by name—is a second Matthews.

Many of these youngsters, by the way, would have given a month's wages to have been included in a little trip which took place recently, and which is a news item we cannot leave out of print.

The Football Association took a team by air to battle-scarred Europe—to organise soccer on the former playing fields of Nazi barbarism. What else could be a greater herald of peace than a British football team on foreign soil?

They played one match against a French team in Paris, and another with a Belgian side in Brussels.

And a letter has reached a football friend of mine from Matt Busby, Liverpool's former captain and coach. The matches were a real tonic, he said, to British troops.



USELESS EUSTACE



A Veteran's Family Greets O.S. Vic McLean

IT took all our winning ways have called at a more appropriate time.

In less time than it takes a submarine to get into action, Tommy had the soap and the whiskers off his face and was pushing Mary in front of the camera...

"It's all right if Dad says so," Mary agreed.

And Dad really ought to know, because he's had thirty years' service in the Royal Navy. More than eighteen of these years have been spent in submarines. He's 48 now, and since he was a mere lad he's only had the three years just before this war in civvies.

So she went to tell Papa all about us, and, much to our surprise, veteran Thomas Henry Jackson, A.B., S.T., came dashing round the corner into the sitting-room, his face covered with lather and a brush in his hand, to see what the boys were up to. Then it was Mary's turn to get a surprise.

"Good Morning" — good gracious. Good afternoon! said Pop.

Yes, he was surprised, too. This was the day he had been looking forward to, and it had happened just when he was ture, too. All the boys call home on 48 hours' leave. You "Mac," she says, but she thinks Vic is nicer.

Now, your little sweetheart, Brenda, wants to speak to you, was so jealous that we just couldn't get her in the picture at all.

Brenda speaking: "Remember, I'm nearly six years old now, you great big sailor. I know you used to have to take me to school when I was only a little girl—just five I was then—but I can go all by myself now—so there. Don't forget to write to me again, and when you come back to Barrow we'll sing some more songs together and have lots of fun."

Whereupon, twelve-year-old Joan, tinkling on the piano, said Pop.

By the way, who's the genial-looking lady in the picture?

Well, if it isn't "Ma"

Berrill from next door; and we believe you used to call her Mary, too, when you lodged next door to the other Mary.

Let us leave them to fight it out whilst you walk with us in fancy down the road.

A.B. S.T. Tommy Jackson leads the way, with a "Good Morning" staff reporter on his left and our photographer on his right. Tommy guides us safely into a port call on the right-hand side.

Three thirsty men drink a toast to an absent submarine man.

"Pity Mac ain't with us now," says Tommy, and we agree.

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—
"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

Fust Mate takes a hand

THE fust mate growled some-
thing and went on deck, and
the skipper started examining
of 'em again. He said they was
wonderfully patient lying in bed
so long, an' he had 'em wrapped
up in bedclo'es and carried on
deck, so as the pure air could
have a go at 'em. We had to do
the carrying, an' there they sat,
breathing the pure air and
looking at the fust mate out
of the corners of their eyes.
If they wanted anything from
below one of us had to go an'
fetch it, an' by the time they
was taken down to bed again,
we all resolved to be took ill
too.

"Only two of 'em did it though,
for Harry, who was a powerful
ugly-tempered chap, swore he'd
do all sorts o' dreadful things
to us if we didn't keep well and
hearty, an' all 'cept these two did.
One of 'em, Mike Rafferty, laid
up with a swelling on his ribs,
which I knew myself he 'ad 'ad
for fifteen years, and the other
chap had paralysis. I never
saw a man so really happy as the
skipper was. He was up an' down
with his medicines and his instru-
ments all day long, and used to
make notes of the cases in a big
pocket-book, and read 'em to
the second mate at meal-times.

"The fo'c'sle had been turned
into hospital about a week, an'
I was on deck doing some odd job
or the other, when the cook
comes up to me pulling a face as
long as a fiddle.

"'Nother invalid,' ses he;
'fust mate's gone stark, staring
mad.'

"Mad?" ses I.

"Yes," ses he. "He's got a
big basin in the galley, an'
he's laughing like a hyener an'
mixing bilge-water an' ink, an'

paraffin an' butter an' soap an'
all sorts o' things up together.
The smell's enough to kill a
man; I've had to come away."

"Curious-like, I jest walked
up to the galley an' puts my 'ed
in, an' there was the mate as the
cook said, smiling all over his
face, and ladling some thick
sticky stuff into a stone bottle.

"How's the pore sufferers, let me try I'd cure 'em all in two
sir?" ses he, stepping out of the
galley jest as the skipper was

"They're very bad; but I
hope for the best," ses the skipper,
looking at him hard. "I'm glad
to see you've turned a bit more
feeling."

"Yes, sir," ses the mate.
"I didn't think so at fust, but
I can see now them chaps is
all very ill. You'll scuse me
saying it, but I don't quite
approve of your treatment."

"I thought the skipper would
ha' bust."

"My treatment?" ses he.
"My treatment? What do
you know about it?"

"You're treating 'em wrong,
sir," ses the mate. "I have
here" (patting the jar) "a
remedy which 'ud cure them
all if you'd only let me try
it."

"Pooh!" ses the skipper. "One
medicine cure all diseases! The
old story. What is it? Where'd
you get it from?" ses he.

"I brought the ingredients
aboard with me," ses the mate.

"It's a wonderful medicine dis-
covered by my grandmother, an'
if I might only try it I'd thor-
oughly cure them pore chaps."

"Rubbish!" ses the skipper.
"I brought the ingredients
aboard with me," ses the mate.

"By the time the other three
'ad 'ad theirs it was as good as a
pantermime, an' the mate corked
the bottle up, and went an' sat
down on a locker while they tried
to rinse their mouths out with the
water which had been given

Concluding—A CHANGE OF TREATMENT By W. W. JACOBS

"I'm dying," ses Dan.
"So'm I," ses Harry; "I
b'leave the mate's poisoned us."
"Well, they talked, and talked,
and talked, until at last the skip-
per give way and went down
below with the mate, and told the
chaps they was to take the new
medicine for two days, jest to
prove the mate was wrong.

"Let pore old Dan try it
fust, sir," ses Harry, starting
up, an' sniffing as the mate
took the cork out; "he's been
awful bad since you've been
away."

"Harry's worse than I am,
sir," ses Dan; "it's only his
kind heart that makes him say
that."

"It don't matter which is
fust," ses the mate, filling a
tablespoon with it, "there's plenty
for all. Now, Harry."

"Take it," ses the skipper.
"Harry took it, an' the fuss he
made you'd ha' thought he was
swallering a football. It stuck all
round his mouth, and he carried
on so dreadful that the other
invalids was half sick afore it
came to them.

"By the time the other three
'ad 'ad theirs it was as good as a
pantermime, an' the mate corked
the bottle up, and went an' sat
down on a locker while they tried
to rinse their mouths out with the
water which had been given

"Tain't a experiment," ses
the mate very indignant, "it's
an old family medicine."

"Well, they shan't have any
more," ses the skipper firmly.

"Look here," ses the mate.
"If I kill any one o' these men
I'll give you twenty pound.
Honour bright, I will."

"Make it twenty-five," ses
the skipper, considering.

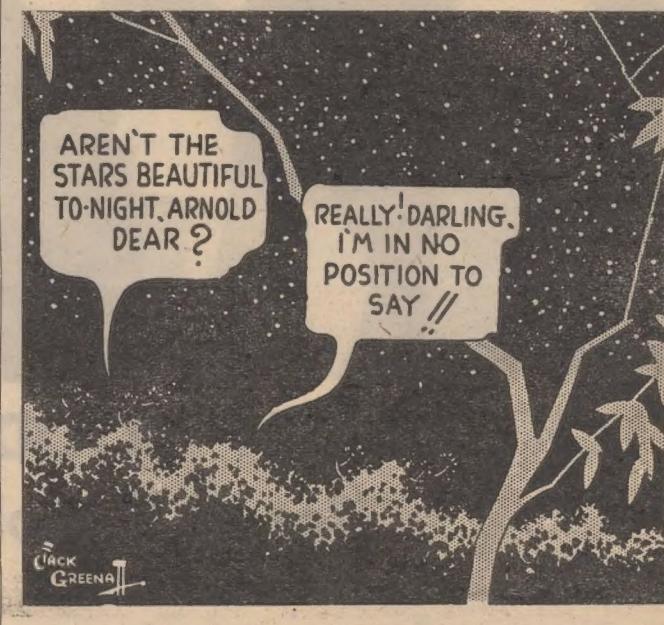
"Very good," ses the mate.
"Twenty-five; I can't say no
fairer than that, can I? It's
about time for another dose
now."

"He gave 'em another table-
spoonful all round as the skipper
left, an' the chaps what wasn't

the man with paralysis dashed
up on deck, and ran up the rig-
ging like a cat. He sat there for
hours spitting, an' swore he'd
brain anybody who interrupted
him, an' arter a little while Mike
Rafferty went up and jined him,
an' if the fust mate's ears didn't
burn by reason of the things them
chaps they was to take the new
medicine a two pore sufferers said about
chance, an' he told us other chaps 'im, they ought to.

"They was all doing full
work next day, an' though,
o' course, the skipper saw how
he'd been done, he didn't allude
to it. Not in words, that is;
but when a man tries to make
four chaps do the work of eight,
an' hits 'em when they don't,
it's a easy job to see where the
shoe pinches."

By courtesy of the Society of Authors
and of the Executors of the late
W. W. Jacobs.



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE

C.280.



A SMALL blackboard outside an
East London cottage a little while
ago proclaimed: "Open now—Doodle-bug
show. Admission 1d. and 1d."

Into the house and out to the small back-
yard went 43 women and children from neig-
bouring houses to howl and cheer with delight
at the opening performance of "Murder in the
Red Barn."

As the audience took their places on three
wooden benches, George Cooper, author, director,
stage manager and leading man, darted
here and there, putting the finishing touches
to the leading lady's make-up, ordering the
dog out of the way, shouting directions.

"Murder in the Red Barn" is frankly a
thriller. It tells the story of two ladies of the
manor, stabbed in their beds by the villain,
who wishes to acquire their ancestral home.

BUT here, as in other thrillers with a
moral, crime doesn't pay, and the
murderer, tracked down by a defective and
identified by a carelessly dropped handkerchief,
is stabbed by the faithful servant.

George Cooper played this role with enthusiasm,
keeping a watchful eye on the rest of
the cast, the oldest of whom was 14, the young-
est five.

All are children of working men and women,
some of whom are serving in the Forces.

IN the field of communication more
effort has been expended in research
during the war years than in any other period.
Such work is bound to have a tremendous
influence on future designs of ultra-short-wave
transmitters and receivers, as well as in the
design and use of valves, aerial systems and
cathode ray equipment.

For trans-oceanic communication it is not
possible at present to provide a service of tele-
vision, but there is such an outstanding case
for television across the Atlantic that intensive
research should continue. A band of frequen-
cies could be allocated purely for such research.

WANGLING WORDS—451

1. Insert four consonants in E * E * E * and get a famous mountain.

2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Tea tancon dan yu veha ti kace royu.**

3. In these four languages the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? **4W7D549, C683549, B87263, 36847.**

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 450

1. RADNOR.

2. He who laughs last laughs longest.

3. Icelandic, Latin, Hindustani, Italian.

JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



TEA (WITH CREAM) AT SHAUGH CROSS

EVER heard of the Beery School of Horsemanship? Sounds convivial. But it's not.

It just happens that Professor Beery, of Miami County, Ohio, U.S.A., is the name of the owner of the establishment; and Mr. J. Edwards, farmer, of Mount Clogg Farm, Shaugh Cross, near Plymouth, holds a certificate from the Beery School.

Plymouth lads who take their girls for a trip to Shaugh Bridge, that beauty spot on the edge of Dartmoor, know the Mount Clogg Farm and its teas.

Perhaps some of you boys have sat in the low-ceilinged parlour, waiting for the pot of tea and thick Devon cream to be brought in; and have seen the framed testimonial to Mr. Edwards' prowess. (The cream comes no more.)

It shows that he is "entitled to the confidence and respect of the public," and that he has "complete knowledge of training colts and breaking horses of bad and vicious habits"—all

signed and sealed by Professor Beery.

Mr. Edwards, back from time all the lovely summer

Miami and rough-riding, is afternoons at Mount Clogg

working on his farm these days, Farm, and there'll be cream, of

and his wife helps him. There course—real Devonshire cream.

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 35

1. When Jane said "Meal," Martin said "Golf." What word linked these two ideas in Martin's mind?

2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Sleeper, Chair, Fish-plate, Rail, Sofa, Wedge.

3. If, in five houses, Mrs. Cadbury lives next door but two to Mrs. Jones, who lives next door but one to Mrs. Treginnis, who lives next door to Mrs. Smith, who lives next door but one to Mrs. Browning, how

many people live between Mrs. Browning and Mrs. Treginnis?

4. A family party consisted of 1 grandfather, 1 grandmother, 2 fathers, 3 mothers, 2 sons, 3 daughters, 2 cousins, 2 aunts, 1 uncle, 2 brothers, 2 sisters, 1 daughter-in-law, 1 mother-in-law, 1 father-in-law, 2 sisters-in-law. What is the smallest number of persons who could have been present?

(Answers in No. 513.)

Answer to Test No. 34.

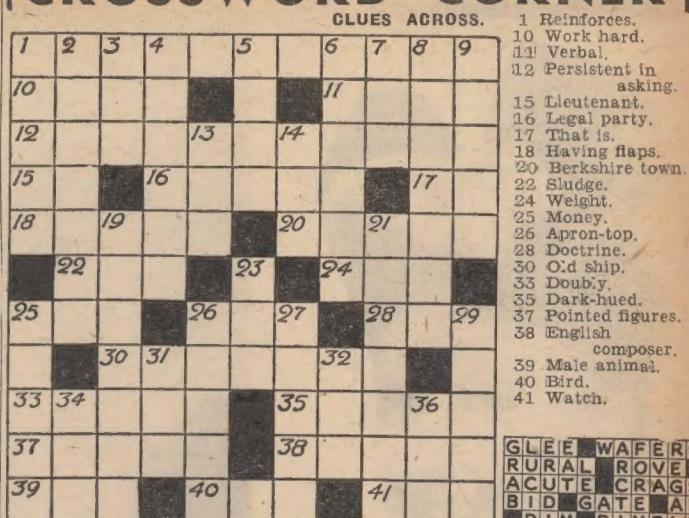
1. Bird.

2. Lanyard is a particular article; others are materials.

3. 50.

4. (a) 8, (b) 320.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES DOWN.

1. Calm. 2 Old drums. 3 Long cut. 4 Ran off. 5 Obtains. 6 Upright. 7 Age. 8 Races. 9 Bad weather. 13 Perch. 14 America. 19 Moving an inch. 21 Money. 23 Zero. 25 Fastening. 26 Blissful. 27 Assail. 29 Unit of length. 31 Card. 32 Bird. 34 Court. 36 Beam.

GLEE WAVERS
RURAL ROVE
ACUTE CRAGS
BID GATE AH
DIM DIMPLE
CTOPICAL W
AVENUE NUT
LO TRUE MAW
FINAL APACE
LINE RIGID
DEPART PETS

mis-spelt?—Cemetery, Symetry, Centuple, Centenary, Centenial.

Answers to Quiz in No. 511

1. Anvil.
2. Whisky is Scotch; whiskey is Irish.
3. Bedloe Island.
4. An aviary is a bird-cage; an apiary is a bee-hive.
5. Peary, 6th April, 1909.
6. Inseparable.

BY GUM, CHUM!

AN American soldier presented a piece of chewing gum to be auctioned at a Victory fete and garden show at Burlesdon, Hants, in aid of the Red Cross and St. John Fund. It was "knocked down" for £6.

Tarzan never saw Africa

THIRTY years ago a young man who was just walking the floor of a department store went to his boss and asked for a rise—and didn't get it.

It's just as well. If Edgar Rice Burroughs had been given that rise he'd have slept happily at night, and Tarzan of the Apes would never have been born.

As things were, he used to lie awake at night telling himself stories, creating diabolical monsters, fantastic adventures on Mars or in the centre of the earth; and he'd been telling stories to himself for five years before it struck him he might sell them.

To-day, 25,000,000 copies of Tarzan books have been sold in 56 languages. That puts Tarzan away ahead of all other best-sellers.

In addition, there have been over 100 Tarzan films drawn from the 49 Burroughs books, and nine movie actors have played the role of the ape-man.

Yet the man who invented him had never been to Africa. He blundered when writing of Sabor, the Tiger, in the African jungle. He just didn't know there were no tigers in Africa.

Yet the world doesn't care. The public still eagerly wait for Burroughs' two yearly novels—he has bought a 600-acre ranch with his profits—and rules to-day as uncrowned king of a town that has been named Tarzana after his character.

Everyone, apparently, flocks to Tarzan films. The three pictures M.-G.-M. made cost £200,000 apiece, but they each grossed £400,000.

Censor Goes on Leave

IT'S that man again! Still keeping his hand in, by practising his blue-pencil in the children's book of Nursery Rhymes. The effects he unwittingly obtains must be unique in the annals of censorship.

This one, for instance:—

Little Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders
Warming her pretty little _____
Her mother came and caught her,
And whipped her little daughter,
For spoiling her nice _____

With how deft a touch it illustrates the age-old conflict between the generations! Indignant mother, bewildered daughter—it's very sad.

Good
Morning

IT'S OURS,
ALL OURS



"It's enough to make any dog's hair stand on end — the names they call me. Gollywog, indeed!"

Spend a morning tramping Ivinghoe Beacon, with the lovely vale of Aylesbury spread out beneath you, and you will be monarch of all you survey — for this is National Trust property.



"Now she's what I call a really nice girl. A fellow could grow very fond of a girl like that."

★
SUBMARINERS'
LONG-HAIRED CHUM
So Ann Savage's next
picture is to be Colum-
bia's "Two-Man Sub-
marine." Well, we're
ready to make one
of the crew!
★

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Think I'll sign on
as Ship's
cat."

